THE HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"EXCELSIOR."

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Communications.

NEW BEDFORD, JUNE 7, 1846.

Friend Rogers:—I often feel a desire to express some of my thoughts, through the medium of the Herald, but the circumstances in which I am placed, as well as my inability to write, has often kept me back. I have not seen the Herald for some months past except some two or three numbers that have incidentally fallen into my hands. But admiring as I do, its free spirit, its general independent character—its high moral sentiment—its faithful and impartial rebuke of sin—its unflinching steadfastness in the struggle between liberty and despotism—as well as its uncompromising hostility to the damning sin of slavery. I cannot refrain from sending you a short letter in my imperfect style.

I left my home "among the green hills of Vermont," the 20th of March last, partly to gratify my desire for rambling through the country, and partly in pursuit of some honest employment as a laborer.

After stopping and gazing about three days in the city of Boston, I came to this place, where I am now spending the season with a distinguished friend of humanity and serving in the capacity of a hired servant. A capacity by the way, that is a little too much like slavery, for one who has in his heart such high aspirations of human freedom.

If ever the time comes when mankind shall be free from the dominion of tyranny, and realize anything like equal rights, this system of "*working out*," this system of renting bone and muscle for money—this system of reckoning labor in dollars and cents—this *refined* system of trafficing in human flesh, will be forever banished from society as a relic of oppression. It is based on the assumption that might makes right. It has no counterpart in the nature of man. And how lamentable the fact that on the one hand we see men that never produced a shilling, wallowing in luxury, and reveling in extravagance, and squandering their thousands upon their own sensual desires—while on the other hand we see as large a class, that are apparently sunk in degradation—and subsisting on the smallest pittance—dragging themselves through life without one ray of hope, or one sun-glance of true enjoyment, and no response to meet their cry but that of "*Toil, Toil.*" Is not this so? Who does not see the distinction between those that ride in affluence, and those that are eternally "digging," to be almost equal to the relation between the master and slave. Not that I consider the false custom of society at the north, in having the drudgery all done by one half while the luxuries are all enjoyed by the other, to be as deplorable as the system of chattel slavery at the South! By no means. I only say it is a part of the same system of oppression. It is a branch of the same corrupt tree. It has its foundation in the same infernal thirst for power. It is to pass away as benevolence and intelligence increase.

I believe that Freedom is yet to be realized; although at the present time any one who endeavors to live in accordance with his own most exalted views of it, does it at the peril of his own personal liberty if not his *life*, as in the case of Charles T. Torrey. It is now a year, (lacking two days) since I myself was arraigned before the powers that be, in the Green Mountain State: and for no other cause than for practically disregarding an institution that I deemed to be at war with the best interests of mankind—and refusing to bow to the images, the church and state set up. I was sentenced to pay to the treasury of said State, the paltry sum of two dollars, and for manfully refusing to have my conscience thus heavily taxed—and fearlessly resisting their foul encroachments upon human Freedom—and boldly bidding defiance to their glaring usurpation, I was consigned twenty-nine days to a loathsome *Jail*. And this done in the free state of Vermont, and in the *Christian* town of Williamstown, one of the highest towns in the State, where the free waters descend each way, and where one would suppose that freedom might find a spot to rest herself from her eternal jadings. And this tragedy perpetrated by the professed followers of Christ. Oh! the religion of this country is anything but "peace on earth and good will to men." It deals out its holy anathamas on all who dare question its divine authority—and immures in deep dungeon walls all who refuse to bow the knee to its idols. Its warmest zeal requires the suspension of the reasoning faculties. Its quietude is moral stagnation. Its devotees are blind to the cries of the perishing poor. Its useless forms and its idolatrous ceremonies must be sustained though the cause of truth and bleeding humanity lie low in the dust. For my part when I see the human race weltering in misery—when I see suffering and death on every hand—when I see three millions of my countrymen clanking their chains in unparalleled oppression—when I see the scourge of war hanging over the heads of this nation—and the nation itself on the verge of being baptized in the blood of its own citizens.—When all this I see, and at the same time see the religion of this country standing mute, and coldly talking about "election," "falling from grace," or prating about whether a person should be immersed or sprinkled; for one I glory in defying its power and breaking down its sway. Give me a heart that feels for man—give me a desire to alleviate human suffering—and I want no other forms of godliness.

But I dropped a word about war. This seems to be the all engrossing subject *now*.—The talk is "*war, war*" on every hand. It has already amounted to the suspension of business in this place to a considerable extent, producing of course no small amount of human suffering. What is going on between the United States and Mexico is personally unknown to me, but if there is any truth in newspapers, the war gods have already harnessed their steeds, and desolation and carnage is becoming frightfully apparent. But still I am slow to believe that the result will be any thing more than a few bloody skirmishes. To believe that this nation is again to be visited with the awful curse of a continued war, and that our beautiful plains are again to be seen reddened with blood and smoking with human gore, is too large a stretch for my own credulity. Can it be possible that Husbands, Fathers, Sons, and Brothers, are again to be shot down by thousands on the field of battle. Can it be that multitudes of innocent children are to be seen clinging to their heart broken mothers, and asking in vain for their fathers. Can it be that we are again to see the flashing of musketry and the bristling of bayonets, and our ears be saluted with the thunders of *artillery* and the clashing of swords. No! it cannot be—It must not,—It ——Ah had I the power I should add, *It shall not.* But I cannot pursue the subject farther. My heart already begins to throb with moral indignation. Let the friends of freedom every where raise a universal protest. Now is the crisis for all lovers of humanity to cease to strike hands with a "corporation" the gates of whose temples are always open for blood-shedding. Let the Herald of Freedom sound like a tocsin through this entire fighting nation. Let it breathe the sweet spirit of peace into the hearts of all to whom it has access. Let it yield a strict adherence to its exalted watchword—let it be as unyielding as adamant—and let love and good-will to all be its crowning star.

Since I have been in New Bedford, I have attended two of the concerts of your "*singing birds*," and can truly say that although I was expecting much, my expectations were more than answered. I was highly pleased with their unassuming demeanor, and enamored with their music. I think that all who heard them must have gone away with hearts better prepared for acts of gentleness and love. Oh! I wish they could sing in every place where tyranny reigns the wide world over. I wish they could sing in every gloomy Prison, that their heavenly minstrelsy might sooth the sorrowing hearts of the spirits in prison, and spread its genial influence throughout all the habitations of cruelty. I wish they could sing their Anti Slavery songs, on the southern Auction stands; for I am sure that their music could but melt the hearts of those that are severing nature's dearest ties, and palsy the arm that wields the cursed lash.—I hope to hear them again at some future time. Their music is the voice of nature, and refining beyond description.

But I must close this heterogeneous and hastily written letter. I should like to occupy a column in the Herald often, if it was not better filled than by anything I can say.

Success to the Herald and the cause it advocates.

Yours for unqualified Freedom,

PLYMON SEAVER.

Selections.

From the Christian Citizen.

DIRECT TAXATION.

We are constrained by considerations of duty, daily enhanced by observations here, to revert to this subject. No political idea, we are sure, is more unpopular in America than that of *Direct Taxation*. To urge the adoption of a policy which has rendered obnoxious to the veto of public opinion, is not a pleasant task; but it is one which, in several recent articles, we have undertaken with diffidence, and which we would now resume with an unwavering sincerity of purpose.—The morality of indirect taxation is gradually becoming a question of serious inquiry on both sides of the Atlantic. No sober-minded man who has carefully analysed the history and nature of this system of raising revenue by a nation, can avoid the conviction, that it is exceedingly vicious in principle and practice. We have already noticed some of the bearings of this system; especially that relating to the iniquity it creates in allotting the burdens of the Government to the different classes of society. No system of indirect taxation has ever been formed or adopted in any country, which did not impose upon the poor man a disproportionate share of the public burden—the indirect, invisible system of revenue-raising, surrounding his poverty like an atmosphere, exhaling from his subsistence the tithes by which his government pampered a reckless prodigality.

A good appetite has ever been the reward of Labor and the misfortune of Poverty; both of which conditions have been turned into a standing source of revenue by the political economy of modern times. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," was not only a prediction but a promise; and without the interference of the policy in question, it would have been a blissful blessing to man. No bread was ever ate under the auspices of such luxury, as by the sweat of the brow. The provision and promise that the laboring man shall eat bread, and *have* bread to eat, if he sweat for it, are not more clearly established by revelation than the fact is by experience, that he shall eat a *great deal* of bread, before he can satisfy an appetite stimulated by toil. There has been no discharge from this condition recorded anywhere in the annals of Poverty. Poor men have generally been laboring men; laboring men have always been men of great appetite — none can dispute that. Poor men, too, have always occupied as much superficial surface of person, to be covered with raiment, as those who could clothe themselves in "fine linen and fare sumptuously every day." Their wives are physically as large as the richest men's wives, requiring as many yards of calico or silk for a dress, as the Duchess of Buccleugh. Then poor men's children equal in number, stature, and desire of food and raiment, those of the rich. Now, then, is it not clear, that national revenue raised by an indirect tax on food and raiment, must be levied most *disproportionately* from the subsistence of the poorer classes of the community?

But the iniquity of this system of revenue-raising is only one feature of its nature. In the first place, it would never have been resorted to in order to meet merely the *civil* expenses of Government. Not a custom-house would have been necessary for this purpose. With all the lack of economy exhibited by the British and American Governments in their expenditures for their civil departments alone, the people of both countries would readily meet those expenses by a direct tax, and scarcely feel it a burden. For the amount appropriated to these departments, might be raised an annual tax of 2 shillings a head on the people of the United States, and 3 shillings a head on those of Great Britain. Custom Houses are, in the worst sense, the cartridge-boxes of War. They are hung at the side of a nation to collect ball cartridges for future wars, or forced contributions for defraying the expenses of the past. It is a fact worthy the reflection of all sober men, that this easy, surreptitious way of raising money is the source of stupendous profligacy in the expenses of modern governments. Were it not for this corrupt and corrupting system, this invisible, ubiquitous raising money by evaporation from the substance of the people, the world, long ago, would have emerged from under the crushing burdens it has borne. The nations of Christendom have *raised* and expended for prosecution of wars a sum of money which the arithmetic of a common mind can scarcely compute. But with all the expedients of despotism, they failed to *raise* the current expenses of their wars. They handed down to the ingenuity of this pacific age and generation an arrearage to be provided for by some astute mode of money-raising.—The sum of Ten Thousand Millions of dollars is the grand total of this arrearage, or the amount which the war expenses of Christendom have exceeded the assets of their revenue policies. This vast amount, or the interest of it, will have to be *evaporated* from the substance of every generation to come. This might be done, and a full quota of blood be left in the veins, and hope and health in the heart of Labor, if the system we speak of did not induce heavier draughts upon the people. The Governments of Christendom, not only raise annually the interest on this vast war debt, but a thousand millions of dollars more to meet the expenses of preparing for war in time of peace. Now, we would ask, could this enormous sum, expended on the "peace establishments" of Christendom, be raised by *direct* tax? especially if the mind and will of the people were admitted as an element of the Government?

Let us bring the case home to our own country. We beg our readers to divest themselves of any hereditary and unreasoned prejudices or predilections on this subject, and consider a few questions which we would propose for their reflection. Especially would we invite the attention of our young friends to these questions, which, we trust, are to be settled by the next generation of statesmen. Have any people been more distinguished for love of country than those of the United States? Is there any people on earth that would do and suffer and sacrifice more for the preservation of their institutions, than the people of the United States? Is there a dollar necessary for the defence of the republic and the efficient administration of its laws, which they would hesitate to vote, or pay according to any just principle of allotment and collection? Is there any principle of apportioning a tax more radically just than that of taxing a man according to his property?—Would there be the slightest repugnance to a direct tax, levied on this principle, to meet the *civil* expenses of our Government? We cannot believe it. For if the burden of these expenses were divided equally among the inhabitants of the U. States, without any respect to property, it would amount to 34 cents a head, per annum. Levying this tax according to property, it would scarcely be felt through the country. We insist, then, that raising the amount requisite for the *civil expenses* of our government would never have been impracticable or unpopular by direct tax, and that no other system would have been resorted to, were it not for the purpose of absorbing, insensibly, and invisibly, from the substance of the people, a vast revenue to be squandered upon the preparations for war in time of peace. We insist that this people are ready to vote and pay every dollar absolutely necessary for the defence of the country; and to pay it, too, as cheerfully to the tax-gatherer as to the custom-house officer. But we beg the candid reader to look back over our history for the last ten years and say whether the country would not have saved at least $150,000,000, if the expenditures of the Government had been met by direct taxation. During the eight years ending with 1843, a period of profound peace in the civilized world, $163,336,717 were expended on the Military and Naval establishments alone!! Could this sum have been raised by direct tax? Never. But why not? from any objections to this system of taxation? No! but from the conviction that such a sum ought not to be squandered in such a way; that it was ten times the amount requisite for the defence of the country. No administration could survive the attempt to raise by direct tax eighteen or twenty millions a year to be appropriated to the army and navy. The people would not foot such a bill with their eyes opened by the appearance of the tax-gatherer. The six millions per annum expended on the civil departments of Government, they would pay without murmuring; but when they come to the twenty millions for defence in time of peace, they would tell the national publican to "cut and come again." Now then we would ask, in conclusion, ought there to be a dollar more expended upon our preparations for war, than if the revenue of the Government were raised by a direct tax? Can the expenditures for these preparations ever be reduced to the standard of strict necessity and economy, until they shall be met in this way?—This easy, indirect process of revenue-raising now in vogue tends to something worse than mere prodigality. It is fraught with all the tendencies of political corruption. It enables governments to absorb the substance of their subjects in maintaining vast armaments in time of peace, thus creating a haughty aristocracy of epaulettes to ride upon the necks of the people and feed at the public crib. Who then will say with us, Let all our future preparations for war be defrayed by a direct tax, that the people may see their relation to the army and navy?

E. B.

Manchester, Eng., July 3d, 1846.

From the London Patriot.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE, AND THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

In England, it is vain to attempt, in a public movement, to evade the influence of public opinion. The Evangelical Alliance was, by unwise counsellors, betrayed into making so preposterous an attempt. It has failed. Already,—on one point, at least,—it has been arraigned at the bar of the public, tried, judged, and condemned. We refer to the manner in which the subject of Slavery was trifled with in the recent Conference, and to the meeting called by the Anti-Slavery League in Exeter-hall, to review the proceedings of the Conference in relation to that question. The verdict of Exeter-hall has gone against the Alliance. The meeting was publicly called admission was not by shilling tickets, but perfectly free; the parties whose conduct was about to be reviewed, were specially invited to attend; the Rev. JOHN BURNET, whose name is a security for candor and impartiality, was in the chair; the Hall was crowded in every part; every one who claimed a hearing was heard; and yet, when the following Resolution was put to the six thousand persons present, it was adopted, with only two dissentients:—

'Finally, Resolved, That the conduct of the Evangelical Alliance, recently held in this city, first, in adopting a proposition, declaring that men might be slaveholders without any fault of their own, and from disinterested motive; and then, to gratify the pro-slavery spirit of the American delegates, erasing from their proceedings all reference to the subject of slavery in order to prevent an explosion—was at variance with the uncompromising spirit of Christian truth; and a virtual approval of the acts of those, while they profess to be the followers of the great Redeemer, make merchandise of slaves and souls of men.'

We are not surprised at the result. It is no more, but rather less, than we expected; and we are persuaded that it is a decision which will be confirmed by any town in the three kingdoms to which the Anti-Slavery League may think it advisable to appeal. It is exceedingly painful to find such language used in characterising proceedings to which some of our friends have been parties; and strained to admit that the condemnation is but just. One of the members of the Alliance Conference, present at Exeter-hall, had the courage to offer a few words for that Body, intended as a defence, explanation, or apology, but terminating in a plea of Guilty. Mr. PRESTON said, 'When the Report came up on the Saturday night which entirely excluded slaveholders from the Alliance, we thought the question was settled. But there was afterwards a general dissatisfaction. The Americans were dissatisfied, because the Resolution condemned slavery and slaveholding; and the British, because it condemned them so slightly. (Cheers.) I was astonished at the subsequent results; *but so the Americans would have it.* (A Voice, 'Why did you let them have it?') I am sorry to say, *the Alliance was overpowered.* When the question was mooted as to whether the Resolution of Saturday could be rescinded, the Chairman (Sir CULLING EARDLY SMITH,) replied, that it could; but, *if the Alliance did it, they would stultify themselves.* I inquired of one of the principal members of the Alliance,—not being myself a learned man,—what was meant by 'stultifying ourselves?' I understood it to mean *making fools of ourselves.* (Laughter and cheers.) I assure you, the greater part of the assembly were stultified; for *they knew not what they were, nor where they were.* (Laughter.)

Some things said by Mr. GARRISON were deemed excessively severe; and certainly he justifies the character given him by his *ci-devant* coadjutor in the cause of the slave, the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL COX; but neither Mr. GARRISON nor Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON appear to have uttered anything more severe than the candid testimony of this frank eye-witness. And the worst of it is, that every one, or nearly every one, will say, that Sir CULLING EARDLEY SMITH was perfectly right. 'You *can* do it,' said the honorable Baronet; 'but, if you do it, you will stultify yourselves.' They did do it; and, to use the translation of plain Mr. PRESTON's learned friend, they did make fools of themselves.

It must not be supposed, however, that all present are responsible for this deplorable result. As Mr. GARRISON intimated, there were three Americans and as many Irishman who dissented from the proceedings in reference to slavery; and, although it would appear that all the Englishmen in the compromise adopted on Saturday, yet we have authority to state, that, when Sir CULLING EARDLEY SMITH announced from the chair that the Resolution to rescind the whole of the proceedings *taken* on the subject, had been carried *unanimously*, the Rev Dr. COX, of Hackney, rose and intimated, that the Rev THOMAS BINNEY and himself were dissentient. The result was, that the vote was entered with the qualifying clause, *nemine contradicente.* We have no doubt that other gentlemen will be found to have occupied the same position. But these gentlemen must surely feel, that it is impossible for the matter to rest as it now is. Justice to themselves, no less than justice to the cause of truth, liberty, and humanity, demands that they should distinctly protest against a decision which has made the Evangelical Alliance assume the appearance of an apologist for slavery, and has given the American delegates a kind of authority for saying, that British Christians are willing to have the question of slavery in abeyance, rather than forego the opportunity of fraternising with the slaveholding Christians of America. We frankly confess, that we cannot understand how any Anti-slavery man can remain a member of this so-called Evangelical Alliance.

SUMNER AND WEBSTER.

At the Whig Convention which was held last week in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Charles Sumner, in the course of his remarks, addressed Daniel Webster in the following eloquent manner:

There is a Senator of Massachusetts, whom we hoped to welcome here to-day, whose position is one of commanding influence. Let me address him with the respectful frankness of a constituent and friend:—You have, sir, already acquired by your various labors, an honorable place in the history of our country. By the vigor, argumentation and eloquence with which you have upheld the Union, and that interpretation of the constitution which makes us a Nation, you have justly earned the title of *Defender of the Constitution.* By the successful and masterly negotiation of the treaty of Washington, and by your efforts to compose the strife of the Oregon, you have earned another title—*Defender of Peace.*—There are yet other duties which claim your care, whose performance will be the crown of a life of high public service. Let me ask you, when you again take your seat in the Senate, not to forget them. Dedicate, sir, the golden years of experience which are yet in store for you, to removing from your country its greatest evil. In this cause you shall find inspirations to eloquence, higher than any you have yet confessed:

To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong

Do not shrink from the task. With your marvelous powers, and the auspicious influences of an awakened public sentiment, under God, who always smiles upon conscientious labors for the welfare of man, we may hope for benificent results. Assume, then, these unperformed duties. The aged shall bear witness to you; the young shall kindle with rapture, as they repeat the name of Webster; and the large company of the ransomed shall teach their children, and their children's children, to the latest generation, to call you blessed; while all shall award to you yet another title, which shall never be forgotten on

by the side of which that earlier title shall fade into insignificance, as the Constitution, which is the work of mortal hands, dwindles by the side of Man, who is created in the image of God.

THE HERALD.

"My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come."

CONCORD, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1846.

☞ Mr. ROGERS is alive at the time of our going to press, but since Monday morning, we have watched over him with the hourly expectation of his departure. The friends who have remembered him in his sickness, with their kind and affectionate letters, may rest assured that their words of sympathy have been a great solace and comfot to their dear friend in his weakness and suffering.

We have not been able to give the least attention to the Herald this week, which our friends will readily excuse.—P.

☞ The other day when watching by Mr. ROGERS' sick bedside, my attention was directed to a pile of his manuscripts, lying upon a chair in the corner of the room. Among many unfinished articles for the press and letters to friends, I found an unfinished letter addressed to a very dear friend and correspondent, he formerly had in Dublin, Ireland. Several paragraphs of the letter, were of peculiar interest to me at this time, and thinking they would be of like interest to many of our readers, I have taken the liberty to transcribe them for the Herald. The letter is dated December 9, '43: P.

"I have been driven to the idea, that it is an imposition to set up a compilation of writings, and call it *The Bible*—and force human conviction to bow down to it *of course*. God has not inspired men to write—any more than He inspires all mankind. How palpably wrong it would be, to leave the race in need of such interference, and in want of it, any where, for a moment. How self-evident it is, at first free blush that every body, every where, is furnished fully with all the means of moral accountability—together with Dec. 14.—I was broken off amid a sentence here, and can't fill it out. It is now a terribly cold winter morning. I wish you could see a New Hampshire winter. A morning from our house up on the sand hill above our little white walled town. The air is 15 or 20° below zero—and clear. Scarcely a cloud in the blue cope. The smokes of the village chimneys go up distinct and hard-rolled and white as wool. The ground all deep hid in a snow that without a great thaw will last till next April. And yet the yankees smashing about without great coats or mittens on—all alive with the petty spirit of trade. I was saying something about the authority of The Book. I believe it ought not to have any authority, and ought to be put at once on to the shelf, *hard down*, among the other bound volumes men have hatched up and then independently opened and examined to see what is in it. If there is any thing there of which we can form an opinion, let us form it, and an honest one. And say of the parts of The Book, good, bad, true, false, important, unimportant, just as it happens to turn out. Why not? can't we judge of the Book? If we can't is it of any use to us? If we are perfectly honest, can we not understand all the truth we have occasion for? Certainly we can—or our case is a miserable one. The idea of having *fallen* into such a state of incompetency is absurd enough. The liability of a man to involve his *race* in *incompetency* to understand their duty. The *power* to do it looks to me more monstrous. He might cripple himself and render his own case *difficult*—but not that irretrievable. Honest repentance is never too late. A man would always forgive himself, on honest repentance—if he were not afraid of an unforgiving Deity. Would n't he? If we can't become good at any stage of our moral being, it is a bad arrangement. We can I believe, and it is our fault that we do not. I think we ought to feel good will and not ill, toward all living, suffering creatures—human as well as brute. This may look a little transcendental—but is n't it true. Do we not owe obligations to the brutes. And is not fulfilling all these obligations, from a sense of right, the best way to please God—if God wanted pleasing, as men do. At any rate is n't it the very best thing we can possibly do, and is n't omission of any of it, culpable. I am driven to look boldly at all these frightful themes, by the treatment I have met, as an abolitionist, from all religious influences, and the treatment of others, otherwise I should never have had courage to look at them. Infidelity has been a horrible bugbear to me, all my days. I have never read any infidel writings. My notions come of my own thoughts and experience. I am getting to think all *religious* character is wrong—that we have no occasion for it. Belief of God is intuitive, I suppose, and if we are honest and right, we shall recognize Him rightly and duly. To the future we should be cheerfully indifferent, if we lived right, and take it as it comes both hereafter and here. There is enough to do here to keep our hands full all the time of life, and pleasantly full—if we lived right. We certainly have to *trust* as to the future, here, and why not as to it hereafter. Does not a proper faith lead to an implicit trust in God as to hereafter. *To be right*—is not that the best possible preparation to meet events. Are we made to peep into the future? Can we if we try? If we do, shall we not necessarily see what is n't there? It seems so to me. I imagine we are [illegible]—Christ seems to have taught no *religion*. He taught humanity and disinterestedness and the like. They probably have not got him down very accurately either. I don't know what reliance to place on any record that has come through such hands as the old world's priesthood. The priests here are totally unworthy of trust. There is n't a true emotion entertained by one of them, on religious matters, or where these are concerned. They are intrinsically, uniformly, universally dishonest and wicked. In the old world as much worse than here, as the institutions and people generally are. The worse the people, the worse their religion, and priests, and worship. This is my experience and observation what little I have. I am not teaching you, dear Richard, but only saying what my present notions are as you asked me to. You Quakers are as good a religious people, perhaps as can be. But you see what they are, when you go for reform. The last of the sects that will come forward of where they are. Bad as the rest are, they will advance before the Quakers do. Is not this owing in great measure to having a Book to flee to, for refuge against convictions. Can't you reach any man, by the plain truth, told with good will toward him, if you put him upon his own convictions, independent of his Priest, or his Book, or his Authorities? Seems to me you can. In this way you can reach *all* men. You can't reach a Mussulman with a text from your Book—but you can reach him with a truth from your soul, and if he will not take refuge in his Koran you have him.—And you must tell him neither of your Books are Authority. So of every body else. The human conviction is one the globe over—cleared of *religion*. Nothing but religions, an overmatch for humanity and truth. These are. May be I'm partial minded—but so it seems to me. I am ready to change opinions any moment, and mean to be, and think we all should be—and have no creeds or systems. Keep our eyes open always and see what's in sight.—Let consistency—and the past, and the sect, and the party, all go."

From the Granite Freeman.

SLAVERY AND POLYGAMY!

It is a most astounding and portentous fact that while the politicians of the country are claiming for themselves the reputation of opponents of slavery, the American Board, the leading organization for the promulgation of the Gospel, should be engaged in bolstering up the infernal system, by sanction and connivance; and not only so, but to preserve a most lamentable consistency, receiving the twin crime of polygamy to its embrace, as one of those allowable sins that should not exclude its perpetrators from the church! If the Board should send missionaries to a tribe of cannibals, and instruct them, as a matter of enlightened policy, not to interfere with the inveterate prejudices of the people, but allow *eaters of human flesh* to become members of the church—it would not in our view be any more at war with Christianity as Christ taught it than their present position in respect to Slavery and Polygamy. Abhorrent as is the supposition, consistency would in such case, require the Board to declare that it cannot interfere with the "liberty" of its missionaries in the matter of admitting cannibals into the church of Christ! Why not? Would not the Cannibal, the Polygamist and Manstealer be a most brotherly and congenial trio, provided each would agree not to practice his peculiar venal sin upon "the brotherhood?" But the theme is too painful for the satire it invites! Well may the humble disciple of Christ weep in secret places, as he sees the name of his Master put to shame by the honored and titled professors of his religion! those who control the faith, and are almoners of the charities of the Christian public!

We have before recurred to the recent action of the American Board upon the subjects of slavery and polygamy—but have given, we think, no account of the debate on that occasion. We find in the N. Y. Evangelist and Christian Citizen, sketches of the remarks made, of which we publish below a condensed abstract.

The subject of the Miss. Herald was brought up by Sec. *Greene*, who was in favor of multiplying the magazine to a greater extent.

Drs. Stone, Bacon and others participated in the discussion. The Rev. Mr. Trask's remarks should be particularly noticed. He commenced by saying that he *was not* an abolitionist; *he was understood to speak ironically*. He however thought the reason of the want of interest in the Herald, was because there was *nothing—not a word* in it respecting the *three millions of heathen* in our own land. We were rotten at the core. We must rectify *ourselves*. God was not with *us*. The house then adjourned until tomorrow morning.

THURSDAY MORNING. The house was called to order. The minutes of the Wednesday's session were read. There was a little dissatisfaction in some quarters, as to the wording of the minutes in regard to the subject of Polygamy.

After a committee respecting the mission to the Jews had reported, the committee to whom was referred the memorials on slavery and polygamy, made their report. The report took the ground that the Prudential Committee had nothing to do with the missionaries. They must act as they pleased in respect to polygamy. It admitted the fact that polygamists had been received into mission churches.

Rev. Mr Trask, of Mass., said that the report admitted all that the memorials asserted. The bars were all down, and polygamists could enter the churches. There had been a great deal of reasoning here to support polygamy, that good old plain farmers could not understand. He wanted the bars all put up. He went on to say that he spoke in behalf of thousands, when he called for *action* on this subject. They thought that the Board was trailing its robes *in blood*. At least there was an appearance of evil, and it should be removed. He did not believe that the question of the circulation of the Miss. Herald, was the great question of the day. There were other questions of more importance.

The Rev. Mr Dwight (son of Dr. Dwight) said he respected the Prudential com. and the secretaries, but here we must call no man master. [illegible] condemns it Shall it go out that this board is silent on this great subject? The people will be dissatisfied.

Drs. Beman and Stowe made a *few* remarks, after which Rev. Mr. Perkins of Meriden, Ct. remarked as follows: Mr. Moderator: it seems that the Prudential Committee are acting in ignorance. They admit that at the time they knew not that polygamy existed in the mission churches. How do we know but there are hundreds in them now? It is time that we should look into this subject. It must not be passed over. Some years ago, I visited the West India Islands. I had heard the Moravian missionaries then, highly spoken of; but to my horror, I found the mission supported by slaves. I found men and women, who belonged to the churches, living together without marriage! If such a state of things was allowed then, it shows that our missionaries *may* do as wickedly. I have always felt interested in this board. The first money (*five dollars*) I ever owned, I gave to it. And yet men who have lately sprung up, intimate that they are the only true friends of the Board, and would silence me. He went on further, in a very able speech, and introduced an amendment, which severely reflected upon the Prudential Com. and upon polygamy. After some discussion it was laid on the table. Rev. W. W. Patton, Hartford, said it appeared that every fact alleged in the memorials had been admitted by the Secretaries. The memorials state that the question whether a man in the practice of polygamy should be admitted to the mission churches, had been referred to the Prudential Committee, and that they had not decided against such admission, but had refused to act on the subject; and that for aught that appears, it is the settled policy of the Board to admit polygamists to the communion of the churches under their care. This is what is alleged; and this is not only not denied, but admitted. He felt the greater anxiety to put these questions to the Board, because he had had good reasons for supposing that such things were done, though not in the least suspected by the churches. There were other things done by the missionaries, he feared, that the churches did not suspect. [Mr. Patton here read from a letter written by a missionary in Oregon, who is said to be supported by the churches in Litchfield county, giving an account of the remissness in the matter of discipline on the part of certain Methodist missionaries in Oregon, which was astounding. He was interrupted for various reasons, and accordingly desisted, not, however, before a most excited state of feeling began to manifest itself. Mr. P. sat down, after announcing his intention, if permitted to finish the letter, to show that some of the missionaries of the Board were implicated in transactions of which the Herald gave no account to the public.]

Dr. Goodrich (*Prof.*) then introduced a substitute, a sort of *half-way between* which however was not far from satisfying the opposers of polygamy. The Dr. said after presenting his substitute, that he thought it wrong to treat the memorialists as some present are disposed to treat them. As a corporate member of the Board, he opposed such treatment.

Dr. Anderson spoke against *any* action. The missionaries would rebel against such action as was proposed. For one he would not instruct them so to do unless compelled. Chancellor Walworth said he had not power to settle this question.

Dr. Goodrich contended that he had a perfect right to say to the missionaries "*do this or we will not support you.*"

Dr. Anderson again spoke against action, and reiterated his *sentiments* about the *liberty* of the missionaries.

Dr. Bacon then arose and said: Mr Moderator: this is the first vote I have ever been called upon to give in this board, and I am almost ready to say it is the last. What is my business in this case? Am I not responsible as a member of this Board for the conduct of its missionaries? Then we have a perfect right to control them, and not only them, sir, *but the Prudential Committee and the Secretaries.*

We have a right to call them to an account for their doings and actions. The case of an old Indian has been brought up, while having two wives, and persons have justified his joining the church while in that state because he became married while young. The fact is, according to the Christian religion, *he never was married*, and the missionaries should have told him so, and let him have chosen his wife and married her, and supported the other woman. The Bible declares that question to be plain. He was willing that this question should be discussed. He would go farther to attend such a meeting than an ordinary meeting of the Board. We could not follow the Dr. very far in his speech, for our hand forgot its work. He made a tremendously sarcastic speech, as is his custom, when he is aroused. Dr. Hawes was not satisfied with the original report. The discussion was prolonged, and during it, one could but observe how the opposers of polygamy were treated. It was actually abominable. While the Rev. Mr. Patton (son of Dr. Patton of N. Y.) was making his able speech, an aristocrat from Virginia moved "*that the gentleman be excused from speaking on account of his youth.*" It was an insult that a *man* would be ashamed of. Mr. Patton did not condescend to notice his opposer. The report was finally recommitted to Dr. Goodrich and two others. While they were out, a set of resolutions respecting the Miss. publications, were passed and addresses were made by Dr. Scudder, Mr. Spalding, Mr. Doty and Mr. Brigham, who are missionaries.

They all go back soon to their respective fields of labor. The committee to whom was referred the Report, then entered the house, and read their *amended* report. It contained portions of both, testifying against polygamy, and yet refusing to control the missionaries. It is our opinion, that it would not have passed only under the peculiar circumstances. The pointer of the clock was at *one*, and the "*Rip Van Winkle*," a steamboat, was waiting for passengers to N. Y., and in the hurry it *was adopted*, and the board adjourned to meet on the 9th of Sept. 1847, at Buffalo, N. Y.

So closed the meeting. It is admitted on all hands, that the Board are in no very desirable position. Before the meeting, it was generally thought, (by Dr. Bacon among others, as he admitted) that the clamor raised by abolitionists and others, about polygamy, was a false cry. But now the Prudential committee have admitted the fact, and stick to the doctrine, that it is not necessary in all cases, for a man to give up his wives and concubines before entering the mission churches.

The able and candid editor of the Hartford Charter Oak, who is a member of a Congregational Church, was present at the meeting of the Board, and gives his impressions in the following article:—

CURIOUS THINGS.

We attended the meeting of the American Board, the other day, at New Haven, and in our quiet way watched the progress of events, at that noted anniversary. We saw some most curious things, and cannot forbear gratifying our readers with some of the knowledge thus picked up.

It was quite curious, that anti-slavery men were so entirely forgotten. There were a great many committees nominated—and on each of [illegible] placed on a committee who was known as an abolitionist. It was quite singular that out of more than one hundred committee men, the presiding officer could not even think of one abolitionist, who was fit for nomination. We do not say that there was any thing intentional in all this—neither do we affirm that abolitionists *are* fit to act on committees. We only allude to the fact, as rather a curious one.

Side by side with that fact, we must also mention, that quite a number of Southern men—slaveholders, for aught any body knows,—*were* placed on committees, and were invited to take a prominent part in the various religious exercises. We do not assert that the presiding officer knew that they were from the South: we only put the two things side by side as quite curious.

It was quite curious, too, that the gentlemen on the platform, some of them at least, seemed to feel themselves entitled to insult those brethren who were not on that elevated situation. Thus we observed that when our friend Mr. Perkins, was offering some remarks not quite palatable to certain individuals, he was twice rudely and insolently addressed by persons who were on the platform. It was curious, too, that the presiding officer did not hear these insults, and did not call the gentlemen to order.

It was curious, too, that several parties there present, seemed to have forgotten their relative positions and duties. A common observer would naturally suppose that the Secretaries were the agents and servants of those who appointed them; and that the Secretaries and Prudential Committee were subordinate to the Board. But all this was most curiously reversed. The Secretaries were dictators—they dictated the order of exercises—they put forward or kept back business,—they threatened and bullied the Board, when there were certain propositions for investigating the state of the missions. Dr. Anderson very solemnly declared, "that the Secretaries will not go with you; and will never attend another annual meeting," if certain proposed measures should be prosecuted. Indeed, the Chairman was a mere puppet, receiving directions, and taking all Committees from the Secretaries. Indeed, the Board was very much in the position of the old French parliament, who were called together merely to register the edicts of the King.—The Secretaries handed in business and proposals to the meeting—then these same Secretaries handed to the President the names of the committees who were to report on these propositions—and, of course, these committees made reports which were mere echoes to the views of the Secretaries.

It was curious, too, that only one man seemed to suspect that all this was not right. That man was Dr. Bacon. He seemed to have got the curious notion into his head that the Board had a right to investigate the acts of the Secretaries, and the proceedings of the missions,—and that he, as an individual member, should vote intelligently, and not blindly. He made a very curious speech to that effect, which, if correctly reported, will have a very curious effect on the community.

It was a curious thing, too, that slaveholding and polygamy received the special approbation of God. It is known that among the Choctaws, there are many *slaveholders* in the mission churches. Among these same Choctaws, one *polygamist* was admitted to the church;—how many more we know not, as the Secretaries acknowledged themselves profoundly ignorant on the subject—avowing that they had never inquired. Now it is curious, that according to the Secretaries, these identical churches have been favored with special and remarkable revivals. The missionary was introduced on the platform, and gave a thrilling narrative of the tears, sobbings, outcries, anxious seats, excitements, conversions, and enlightened piety, exhibited in these revivals. It was quite curious that the Secretaries should make so very prominent, the remarkable coincidence in the same churches, of the very curious things, *slaveholding, polygamy and revivals*. It was still more curious, that the revivals had no tendency to do away with the sins.

The ignorance of the Secretaries, also, was quite curious. An honest minded friend of ours asked them if polygamists had ever been admitted to the mission churches. "Yes, in one case." "In others?" "We don't know." "Have the missionaries ever inquired of you whether they should admit polygamists to their churches?" "Yes." "What did you reply?" "We told them to do as they pleased." "Did they admit them?" "We do not know—we never inquired." "Have you missions in countries where polygamy is practised?" "Yes." "Are not your missionaries then in favor of admitting converted polygamists to the church?" "Some of them are." "How then do you know that there are not many polygamists in your mission churches?" "We know nothing about it." We thought that such ignorance was very curious.

The treatment which a clerical friend of ours received, was quite curious. He has been, and is, a warm friend of missions—has given money most liberally for their support. Having some objections to the course pursued by the Board, he once stated them to an agent of the Board. That agent urged him to come to the meetings of the Board. "Come and meet with them—talk with them: they want to see you: they are kind men—they will discuss these matters with you"—was his language. This friend of ours went, and respectfully remonstrated with the Board on the admission of polygamists to the mission churches. But what a storm! They ridiculed him—sneered at him—taunted him—calumniated him—called him crazy, fanatical and snarlish. This treatment was certainly curious.

We saw a curious kind of benevolence also. When intelligence was read concerning the persecutions and imprisonment of Mr. King and a few Armenians, great numbers wept, and were deeply moved; most fervent prayer was offered for them. Those same men turn a deaf ear and a stony heart to us, when we tell them of the worse wrongs of *three millions* of their own countrymen: will not pray for them, and denounce us as mere emissaries of the devil when we plead and pray for them. All this was very curious. We could not forbear asking, why is it right and noble for Mr. King to break the laws of Greece, and mean and wicked for Mr. Torrey to break the laws of Maryland? How much of this sympathy for Mr. King is fashion and sentiment? We are very curious to see true answers to such questions.

From the Granite Freeman.

HOURS OF LABOR.

We see by the papers that there is some excitement among the people employed in the factories at Nashua and Manchester, in reference to the hours of labor. The artizans in the Machine-shop at Nashua have effected a compromise with their employers, and submit to a reduction of wages on condition that they are not required to work by lamp-light. The same class of workmen at Manchester endeavored to secure the like privilege, but were paid up and discharged in a body!

We do not believe that the operatives, as they are termed, are unreasonable in their complaints on this subject. Any one who has resided in a Manufacturing town and taken an interest in the [illegible] sion to regret the unremitted confinement and toil of the workmen and workwomen in the Mills. Who has not wept at the recital of the sufferings and deprivations of the English factory laborers, and yet it cannot be controverted that things are taking the same direction in this country, and the same results must follow in process of time, unless labor can find means to protect itself against the encroachments of capital. When the laborer becomes so far subdued by the power of associated wealth that he must work the time required and for the wages allowed by the employer, his condition is but little superior to that of a chattel-slave. It is therefore not only natural, but necessary and proper that the laborer should be jealous of his rights and privileges and seek to defend himself against the avarice of the capitalist. If the factory laborers of this country get clear ideas of what they are justly entitled to, and use proper methods to secure their objects, we believe they are in season to succeed—in season, we say, for everything depends upon acting at the right time.

Ten hours of continuous labor is as much as ordinary constitutions can endure; and no one can doubt that sickness and premature old age are the frequent results of confinement to tedious and monotonous labor. A man may work much longer without detriment in the open air than in a close work-shop; and very many of the young women who go from the farm-house kitchen to the confined air of the weaving-room in a cotton mill soon lose the roses from their cheeks and become cadaverous as a city belle—too many alas, linger there till the vitality of the system is exhausted and they return home only to die!

We believe the hours of factory labor should be abridged—that there should be time for leisurely eating and rest at noon, and that evening work in the mills should be entirely dispensed with. It is no reply to this, that there are many operatives who do not desire to have the hours of labor lessened—who would even prefer to work longer, so great is their eagerness for gain. Shall all be compelled to destroy health and comfort and abridge the brief span of life, because some are so stupidly avaricious as to prefer the means of living to life itself? If men would look at this matter candidly and aside from their own real or imaginary interests, they would see that he who compels another to labor beyond his strength, or so unremittingly as to injure health, that he may make large profits on his investments, commits a greater wrong and does a more serious injury than he who simply takes his neighbor's purse. He enriches himself at the expense of another in that which is of more value than money—which money cannot buy.

We deprecate the excitement of hostility between capitalists and laborers; but we think the question pertaining to the hours of labor should be calmly and fairly considered, and an appeal made to the honor and justice of employers. If the right can be amicably secured so much the better. But we trust the day may never come in New England when the laborer in any department of business, shall feel that he has lost the power to insist upon what is due to him in equity and justice.

Says an able writer in the Boston Medical Journal:—

People do not have relaxation enough in New England. They too generally have a care-worn expression, from infancy to age; and the fact cannot be denied, that anxiety is a weariness to the flesh. We are all utilitarians in this country, especially in the Northern States, hardly affording ourselves opportunity for eating or sleeping in the manner which nature demands—for she can only conduct her chemical operations properly, and re-adjust the deranged vital machinery, while we are quietly slumbering. We recruit ourselves and grow fat during a refreshing nap—but exhaust the system, both physically and mentally, in pursuing to excess the ordinary round of every-day business. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a proverb based on a profound knowledge of the laws of our being.

Females, in New England, are worse off than the other sex in the deprivation of out-of-door relaxation, as custom has made it vulgar to breathe the fresh air of Heaven, unless it is done in a very lady-like manner. Hence they make feeble mothers—look thin, sallow, lank, and die by thousands, prematurely, of diseases that never would have been developed had there been less education of the mind, and more of the body, in girlhood.

A sad mistake is produced by a too implicit belief in the adage that "time is money," since the first object of pursuit is, in consequence, made to be cash. Those who attempt to rest reasonably from their labors, at proper periods, are either afraid of not having enough, or are perpetually reminded that idleness ends in want. So the shuttle flies faster than it ought to go; the farmer cheats himself out of all that is worth having, health, by denying himself and his boys a holiday, because time is money, and example is everything; merchants in cities toil for the immediate benefit of thieves and paupers—paying taxes in proportion to their income—and leave the world unsatisfied, having never found themselves ready to rest and take comfort. We work too much and too long in New England.

From the Chronotype.

THE MYSTERIES OF TOBACCO.

This is the title of a remarkable book put in our hands by Messrs. Saxton & Kelt, booksellers in Washington street. The *mysteries* of tobacco! We thought the weed was full of nothing but revelations. Spittoons, old chaws, cigar stumps, do they shroud themselves in mystery? Snuff, does it not reveal itself on the shirt bosom? Smoke is it not the vital atmosphere of the most common place of mortals? Yet, come to think of it, there are mysteries about this subject. It is an unfathomable mystery why a man who is not overblessed with brains should be willing to make the blessing less, and there are other mysteries which cluster around this. On the whole, the more we think of the tobacco subject the more mysterious it becomes. Alcohol is such a monopolizing old tyrant that he overshoots himself. He carries it so far that his victim escapes at last, even in the agonies of despair. But tobacco is a

manages so as to be able to boast that his slaves love him, and would not leave him if they could. He doesn't work them to death. True he keeps them forever grinding in his mill, grinding over and over the most villanous morsels that ever entered human lips, the liquid ever and anon escaping in little tell-tale streams at the corners of their mouths, but then the work is not hard. It is only dirty. There are few men who would take their shirt bosoms from the laundress and blotch them over with nasty yellow spots before putting them on. Yet a man who is up to snuff will do what amounts to the same thing, immediately after he dresses himself. One would not expect a man to stupefy himself with a stinking sort of smoke which will smother bees as quick as that of brimstone, willingly, day after day, and at considerable expense, and to go spitting and puking about into every by corner as if he were sick at the stomach and awful bilious. Yet thousands appear to do it voluntarily. Truly this is a mystery.

A man calling himself a gentleman, with all the outward appointments of a gentleman, and everything but the smell of a gentleman, will do in your house, in your parlor, in the very presence of ladies, things which, if not under the spell of tobacco, no money would tempt him to do. How does this come about? We have not had time to peruse this book, the Mysteries of Tobacco, but we will undertake in our feeble way, to explain how it is brought about. The god of Tobacco takes the man in the gristle of youth, in the tender age of boyhood, while the chin is yet downy like a young gosling, and while the brains are only in that state of forwardness which they reach in monkeys. He points him to the dignified lawyer smoking in his office as he thumbs the revised statutes and then gravely, knocking the ashes from the end of his cigar, delivers the precious lore to some consulting client. He points him to a number of first chop gentlemen smoking at the hotel, as the stage stops to change horses, and delivering at the same time the most striking views of their own importance. He even goes so far as to point him to some Reverend divine, who, with great sanctity of manner, smokes and chews. Thus the young man in the gristle is taught that the highest style of mortals do smoke or chew, or both. He sees the great men smoke.

As to the great men who do not smoke, their example passes for nothing of course, for they may smoke when he does not see them. He never hears them say no! or boo! or whew! to the business of smoking. If they don't smoke they are smoked, and they don't resist. Their example and influence are only *negative*. The youth is carried away by the *positive*. That is something, that is great, that is manly. Is there any thing which a noble and ingenous boy more desires, in his exceeding verdue, than to become a man? Does he not long for a long tailed coat? Does he not sigh for whiskers and a razor? Is there any drug, any detestable compound of villanous tastes and smells which he would not chew and roll as a sweet morsel under his tongue to become a man? No. If you were to soak woolen rags in the common sewer, he would chew them with a serene face to help him become a man! He schools himself with little sips of the sickening narcotic, as his stomach can bear and suffers like a martyr in secret. He smokes and throws away the stumps at a genteel length. Finally the rebellious nerves begin to give in and become manly. All smells and tastes begin to become more alike, a delightful quietness, stupidity and devil-may-care begins to creep over him. And along with it all comes the great price, the high sense of being a complete man. And it is soon wondrous to behold with what a relish, sang froid, and matter-of-course manner the human tadpole will put on the frog in the art of using up his Havanas.

Poor fellow, he little knows that a god more cunning than all the heathen divinities put together has bound him in his spell, and that he is for a whole life of unspeakable abominations. He little knows that he is destined to be an everlasting stench everywhere. That he is fated to declare his love to the angel of his affections in the intervals of spewing upon the brass andirons, or into a lustrous spittoon or out of the window, and that she will submit to his salutations as to a dreadful cross which must be taken up for the sake of the kingdom. He little thinks that he has taken upon his intellect, his imagination, his memory, his wit, his reasoning faculties, a perpetual ass-load of lead! But he has. And there is no escape. He is to be a dirty fellow in spite of himself. If tobacco got him down among the swine, robbed him of every cent of his money, and turned all his friends to enemies, as alcohol does, he might get out of its clutches. But wo is it! It leaves him forever a respectable nuisance, of whom no one complains—except behind his back.

But to the book. We cannot review it. It is enough to say it contains the following noble and characteristic letter from Hon. John Quincy Adams to the author of its preface.

Quincy, Massachusetts, 19 Aug., 1846.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the [illegible]th instant, and shall deem myself honored by the inscription to me of your introduction to the proposed publication of the Reverend B. J. Lane's work on TOBACCO AND ITS MYSTERIES. In my early youth I was addicted to the use of tobacco in two of its mysteries, smoking and chewing. I was warned by a medical friend of the pernicious operation of this habit upon the stomach and the nerves; and the advice of the physician was fortified by the results of my own experience. More than thirty years have passed away since I deliberately renounced the use of tobacco in all its forms; and although the resolution was not carried into execution without a struggle of vitiated nature, I never yielded to its impulses; and in the space of three or four months of self-denial, they lost their stimulating power, and I have never since felt it as a privation.

I have often wished that every individual of the human race afflicted with this artificial passion, could prevail upon himself to try but for three months the experiment which I have made! sure that it would turn every acre of tobacco-land into a wheat-field, and add five years of longevity to the average of human life.

I am, with great respect, Dear Sir,
Your friend and Christian brother,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

From the Portland Transcript.

MORNING AND NIGHT.

She comes! the universe awakes to greet her,
With rapturous joy the heart of nature thrills,
Bright thoughts and buoyant hopes leap forth to meet her,
And life, at her warm glance, the faint heart fills.

The Heavens reflect the azure of her eye,
The earth gives back her sweet and radiant smile,
The winds and waters to her voice reply,
And chant the measure of her step meanwhile.

Her airy foot-falls scarcely brush the dews,
And leave, where'er they touch, a greener trace.
Her radiant eyes give, to the flowers, their hues,
Her breath their fragrance, and her touch their grace.

Her lustrous hair has caught the sun's bright beams
And robbed them of their gay and golden store,
The rainbow she hath rifled, and it seems,
Enrobing her, to win one grace the more.

Darkness and sin, beneath her searching glances,
Shrink swiftly, cowering and abashed, away,
And fear and cankered care, as she advances,
Vanish like phantoms that avoid the day.

She passes on, and ever in her train,
Follows a joyous troop of rosy hours;—
O'er pride and luxury, misery and pain,
O'er rich and poor alike, her wealth she showers.

She stops not at the mansions of the great,
She gladdens the poor sinner's lonely cell,
She lights the low hut, the halls of state,
And lingers fondly where her lovers dwell.

Gently she passes from the world away,
And the earth seems a shade less fair and young,
Yet memory of her, throughout the day,
Speeds lightly all the after hours along.

But daylight dies, and lo! a loftier presence
Fills the green courts where late her reign hath been,
Her subjects all forsake their old allegiance,
And offer homage to a rival queen.

SHE comes not like her younger sister, calling
The world to welcome her with song and dance,
Lightly, and noislessly her spells are falling,
And the awed earth is hushed beneath her glance.

A holier radiance lights her earnest eye,
A heavenly halo crowns her paler brow,
The sense was taken willing captive then,
The soul bows down with deeper reverance now.

The moon and stars attend her on her way,
And by their pale and mystic light, reveal
The grace her every motion doth betray,
The form her shadowy robes would fain conceal.

At her approach, the flowers, bending low,
Incline their graceful heads in silent prayer,
And while her gentle hands sweet dews bestow,
Their fragrant lips anoint her trailing hair.

She brings dear visions to the homesick mind,
And welcome rest to the o'er wearied limbs,
She gives a foretaste of those realms divine
Whose glory, and whose purity she hymns.

Like some sweet strain of music sad and low,
Her presence moves the inmost soul, and seems
To waken memories of long ago,
To image the beloved we meet in dreams.

All high and holy mysteries attend her,
All gentle influences round her throng,
And spiritual beings freely lend her
The glory that to their own spheres belong.

Kind angel! without thy alternate reign,
Morn were no longer beautiful and bright,
Her sunniest smile and glance, her sweetest strain,
Her dearest spells, she owes to thee, O Night!

H. W.

From the Granite Freeman.

COLOR AND SUFFRAGE.

Our cutaneous Democracy is constantly developing itself to the admiration of an astounded world. The sages sitting in majestic convention to revise the Constitution of New York, have come to the profoundly logical and pre-eminently *democratic* conclusion, that the right of suffrage is to be graduated by the color of the skin!—or rather that a certain amount of property is necessary to qualify a man tinged with African blood for the privileges of a citizen! After much labored cogitation and protracted discussion the Convention agreed that the possession of $250 in real estate should give a *colored* man the right to vote. He may own land to the value of 249 dollars and fifty cents and he is an outlaw and alien, with no voice in making the laws or selecting the rulers of the government under which he lives. But let him but add *fifty* cents worth of land to his garden—a corner for a pig yard or an out-house—and behold he becomes at once a full grown man and entitled to all the rights of citizenship! There is no knowing to what absurdities men may descend when they allow their bad prejudices to overcome their principles. The vote in Convention in favor of this unjust, cruel and most ridiculous provision, was 63 to 32!

Why do the Democracy of New York commit this glaring outrage upon a portion of their citizens? Is it because they do not see their own shameful inconsistency, in proclaiming themselves the advocates of universal free suffrage and in the same breath denying the right to their colored neighbors? No! They know it to be an act of unmitigated injustice, and they feel ashamed of it. But they *must* conciliate the Democracy the South—the Democracy of the manacle and slave-whip! This is the whole secret of this diabolism. If they allow an oppressed race the rights of men it will be an implied censure of the southern oppressors, upon an amicable alliance with whom the party depends for success! So the Peculiar Institution extends its long arm over the north and reduces the politicians to spaniel-like submission and obedience by the shaking of her bloody whip. New Hampshire fears that whip no longer, and she means yet to paralyze the arm that wields it, and liberate both the bleeding victims of the south and the creeping serviles of the north from the dread of it.

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE DIVINE PHILOSOPHY OF MISFORTUNES. What a cold, cast-iron, selfish world this would be, if flesh and blood were heir to no misfortunes! if we had not the poor with us always! if there were none to help, to pity, to love! if there were no perils by flood, fire and field! no pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor destroyer that wasteth at noonday! Were it not for these calamities and misfortunes incident to us all, individually and collectively, the great heart of humanity would stagnate like the heavens without electricity, or a lake of fresh water without inlet, outlet and motion. The best qualities of hu-

pathy never would expand beyond self; and society would become one vast, arid, dewless expanse of selfishness.

IS HE MY BROTHER? What! shall I regard that poor black slave that is toiling in the sugar-mill or cane-field, a brother? and that miserable drunkard who is lying in the gutter, a brother? and that vile criminal who is lying in prison for murder, a brother? and that wild lunatic frothing at his mouth for madness, a brother? In what sense a brother? In just that sense and degree, friend, that God is father, you must be a brother to the most degraded being on earth, and he a brother to you.

THE LEAGUE AND LEVER OF BROTHERHOOD. There are thousands on both sides of the Alantic who have formed a vast home league with all the attributes of God, nature and humanity, to restore the millions of human beings who have been expatriated from the great brotherhood of mankind.—The light of the Gospel has revealed an Archimedian point of rest, and they have got a lever under the SLAVE—a lever whose longer arm reaches into heaven, and is now descending beneath the weight of the Eternal Throne and all the angels of light. Oh, they will raise him!—they will raise him! without asking the aid or consent of human legislation.

"THE LONG RANGE" OF THE GOSPEL. "Warner's Long Range" is a good deal spoken of now-a-days, as a wonderful invention for killing enemies. But let me tell that Warner, and all other geniuses of his cast, that such inventions are all a humbug. Such tactics and tools are all too short-sighted and short-bitted for the work proposed. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits, and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone dead, as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven by which one can kill an enemy; and that is, by putting coals of fire on his head; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him like a good Samaritan, with your hand, eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts.—Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing, and words of kindness; and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot.

"NO POLITICAL CHANGE is worth a single crime, or, above all, a single drop of blood," says O'Connell. That will be a golden age for humanity, which shall see this sublime principle the foundation-stone and top-stone, the crown and glory of every political edifice which shall be reared on the ruins of despotic institutions. No political change can improve the condition of a people, unless it promote a moral end. No moral end can be attained by demoralizing means. Moral means are the constituent elements of the moral end already attained, "the substance of things hoped for." They are always and every where to true freedom what repentance and faith are to salvation. And any combination of despotic physical force, in armies or navies, might as well seek to intercept the communication of divine grace to the heart of the penitent and believing sinner, as to intercept the gift of freedom to that people who commence working it out in the "fear and trembling" of moral means.

AN OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

A Louisiana captain was written to by the second auditor of the Treasury, that he was charged on the books of the department some $1500 for clothing for his men, and other sums for camp equipage, &c., all which he was to charge, &c. The following is his answer, which appears in the N. O. Delta:

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 17, 1846.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of two favors from you, one dated 31st July, the other 8th August. I can only answer by a yarn.

A countryman of mine was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking fresh eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirrupped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed—"By the powers, my friend, you spoke too late."

I can only say, Sir, that your favors have reached me too late. They have been chasing me through the Mexican Post-Offices; that is, to express myself more clearly, when I received them, they (the letters) were down in Mexico and I was up here, and when I did n't receive them, they were up here and I was there.

The fact is that most of my men have been paid off, and are now scattered to the four quarters of the globe. They were mostly sailors, as I *was* myself. From them (if there be charges) nothing can be expected. The camp and garrison equipage has been turned over to the proper officers, with the exception of sundry axes smashed and placed *hors du combat* in chopping down those amiable *chapporals* on the banks of the Rio Grande. I except, also, the camp-kettles and pans—many of which were used up in roasting, boiling, stewing and frying our pork and beans, bacon and fresh beef, not to speak of the *slow venison*, which some were ill-natured enough to call Mexican beef (may the Lord forgive them).

For my own responsibility in the matter, I regret, more on Uncle Sam's account than on my own, that I am not worth a continental dime. I have been not only paid, but I believe overpaid by about $40. My conscience compelled me to remonstrate with the Paymasters, but they

their feelings and indulged them. However, I made a good use of the money. I gave it to the sick and unpaid soldiers.

Most of the other Captains are in the same fix with myself (barring the overpay) about responsibility, and refer to my epistle as an answer.

If you have any farther communication for me, please direct to the care of Maj. Gen. John L. Lewis, N. O. I seldom go to the Post-Office, because I have nobody to correspond with, and yet I am not the man who never had father nor mother, but was "won in a raffle."

Very respectfully,
G. H. TOBIN, Capt. Com. D.
Washington Regiment, La. Volunteers.

JOHN M. MCCALLA, Second Auditor.

P. S. I don't know whether to sign myself Captain, ex-Captain, or late Captain. I *was* a Captain.

EDUCATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

We have sometimes spoken rather harshly of the clergy as not a very self-relying class of men—as timid and time-serving—as following after great councils and hierarchies too slavishly. But when we come to look at the modern plan of educating men for the ministry, all this is not so much to be wondered at, and less blame attaches to the individuals and the body. Look at it. In three cases out of four is not the young man brought forward as an object of charity and sent through Academy, College and Theological Seminary by the contributions and sacrifices of poor relatives, the churches and the public. Is he not installed in his very boyhood as a sort of holy beggar, and taught to feel that others must feed and clothe him, that they are under solemn obligations to do it, and should feel it a holy privilege to do it? And is it any wonder that a man thus *educated* will become the pampered tool of the wealthy or the ambitious, that he will inspire the hard working classes with the idea that his profession is a sham and his preaching a dollar trap? Is it any wonder that a man having never learned any other way to earn his bread and butter should barter his soul for it? We think not.

The wonder is, that men thus educated have any sympathy for common humanity left. They have no experience of the lot of common humanity. They have never stood under it, and how should they understand? It is one of Heaven's inexplicable mercies that the order has not been totally spoiled.

Preachers of the heavenly gospel we must have, and they should be trained for it, but we doubt whether they should be trained to be a distinct order from other men. Surely they should not be a mendicant order. If ever they come to exchange spiritual for temporal provender, the boot should be given by, not to them. They should not be placed by their education in a dependent position. Let a young man aspiring to the ministry, settles it that he will be a complete man, able to provide for himself first, and a preacher afterwards. Let him master some good productive trade, as Paul did, and heroically pay his board if not his tuition while he sits at the feet of Gamaliel. Let him daily harden his muscles, by swinging the axe or the hammer, or shoving the plane, that his body may be strong enough to contain a brave soul, and then when he comes to preach we may expect he will be no more dependent for his opinions than for his rations.

The reader may be curious to know how we, the most secular of all secular papers, should launch into a subject so ecclesiastical as this. Let him know that we have just opened the following letter, similar to perhaps a dozen we have received from similar institutions from a Baptist seminary at Whitestown, N. Y.,

Whitestown Seminary, Sept. 27, 1846.

MR. EDITOR—We have connected with this school a small Reading Room for which we receive a number of valuable periodicals gratuitously, and would be very grateful to add to their number the 'Chronotype.' If you are pleased to favor us with your valuable paper, please direct to the Society of '*Christian Research*,' Whitestown N. Y.,

With a request so modestly made, and so flattering to our vanity, we should of course delight to comply—if we could. But we really cannot see why these more than any other young men should ask us to work for them for nothing, nor how the cause of religion is to be honored, now or hereafter, by our doing it. We have not the least doubt that the young men would be essentially benefitted by reading the Chronotype, and still more by earning the money to pay for it. It is not for us to break the holy wedlock of these two great benefits.—*Chronotype.*

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

(From the Christian's Penny Record: an English paper.)

How it is possible to admit slaveholders to an Evangelical Alliance, we confess we cannot understand. To receive "Hope H. Slatter, the great negro-trading Methodist of Baltimore," and to reject Joseph John Gurney, the eminent philanthropist of Norwich, appears to us the greatest solecism in Christian morals that ever was exhibited to an astonished world. We may be told, however, that the basis of the Alliance is doctrinal, and not practical, and that we have no right to enforce a moral principle as a test of membership. Out upon such hypocrisy! The basis is "doctrinal and not practical." What is doctrine without practice? Of what value is faith without works? Can a Christian be a slaveholder? What is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, with respect to our social duties? Do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Is it the will of the slaveholder that the slave whom he keeps in bondage should make him a slave, if he possessed the power? The idea is absurd—too absurd to be seriously refuted. By this one act, the Evangelical Alliance has stultified its whole proceedings, forfeited the confidence of the religious world, and excited the most painful feelings in the minds of those whose hearts were yearning for the exhibition of the oneness of the universal church.

BEGINNING AT THE RIGHT END. The Sandwich Islands were found by the Missionaries in a state of feudalism, in which the chiefs owned all the lands and exacted the most exorbitant toil of the people, as a sort of rent. Though the people themselves were not the chattels personal of the chiefs, so

to slavery. The Missionaries did not at first attempt to disturb this state of things, but endeavored to engraft Christianity upon it, and with an apparent success which has been a great deal boasted of. Of late, however, the best of them have become convinced that such superficial labors are in vain, and have begun to operate for the overthrow of this feudalism. According to a letter from Rev. J. S. Green, the king has allowed Rev. Mr. Judd who acts as his Minister of the Interior, to purchase the whole province of Makawao, to sell it out in small farms to the people.—Mr. Green writes—

"You will rejoice to hear this, especially when I tell you that the entire labor tax, which amounted from six to twelve days per month each man, besides tax on lands, is repealed in the case of those who purchase lands. I have already commenced selling, and hope, ere the year closes, to see the people in possession of small farms, for which they can show a valid title. If we succeed here, the time is not far distant when all the lands on Maui, if not on all the Islands, will be offered for sale.

"I have just written to Dr. Judd, requesting him to ask the King to allow me to write for one or more than one helper. I now greatly need the aid of a good practical farmer, to come to Makawao and cultivate a model farm. I have no doubt that his Majesty will allow me to send for half a dozen, if I need so many."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Here is a sample of what we are doing by our laws in the District of Columbia—imprisoning men on suspicion that they have no 'right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' and selling them into perpetual slavery to pay their jail fees. The following advertisement is from the official organ of the government, the Union:—

NOTICE. Was committed to jail of Washington county D. C. on the 5th July, 1846, as a runaway, a negro man, who calls himself John Crew. He is black, about 5 feet 6 1-2 inches high, and about forty-three years of age. He says that he is free, and was born in Hanover county, Va., and was set free by Mrs. Allen, formerly Mrs. Watson, of said county, and that he lived with Jude & Muir, in Richmond, Va., and that he obtained his free papers in Richmond, in 1823, when a Mr. Henning was Clerk in the Court. He has had his right leg broken, which has left a large scar on it. He has a scar on the right side of his neck, which he says he has received since he left Richmond.

The owner or owners of the above described negro man are hereby required to come forward, prove him, and take him away, or be will be sold for his prison and other expenses, as the law directs.

ROBERT BALL, Jailer,
for A. HUNTER, Marshal.

The following anecdote from the Anti Slavery Standard relates to a clergyman from Charleston, S. C., who was soliciting in this city funds to build a seaman's chapel in that place.

He called upon one of the wealthiest and most respectable merchants, never suspected of any taint of abolitionism, who, in reply to the demand for money, asked if they still threw colored seamen into jail on their arrival at Charleston? The reply was, "Yes, we still think it best to do so." "Well," answered the Bostonian, "when you can tell me that such laws are abolished, I may help you to a Bethel, and *not till then*."

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP. A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican writes that Gen. Taylor has not a very high opinion of the *volunteers*, and intends to do all his fighting with the regulars. Considerable disaffection prevails among the different corps, in consequence of the coldness and apparent want of reliance manifested by old Zac. in regard to their bravery. If the reports that we have heard of the insubordination of volunteer companies are true, we do not much wonder that the General, in the exercise of his usual prudence, should decline to trust them. We hope he will ere long call them all together, and repeat to them the laconic speech of Sam. Houston, "Gentlemen, you may go home and plant corn."—*Christian Citizen.*

COAL GAS AND CAMPHENE SUPERSEDED.—We learn that Mons. Jobard, following out a hint of Sir Humphrey Davy, has ascertained that water may be made the means of a cheap illumination. It is decomposed by a very simple process, and furnishes a beautiful light. A penny's worth of oil, duly mixed with water in a retort, will furnish the light of ten candles for twenty hours. The French Government has become the owner of the patent for public purposes, and several large manufactories in France are now successfully using it.

A DOUBTFUL OFFENCE. The clergyman arrested in Louisville, Ky., for kissing a lady, in the absence of her husband, has not been convicted, because the jury were in doubt whether the kiss was not one of the kind which the apostles were enjoined to give.

☞ It is expected that the HUTCHINSONS, will give a concert in Concord, on some evening toward the last of the next week.

☞ Rev. Mr. *Bouton*, (we are assured by a hearer,) on Sunday afternoon, lifted up his voice manfully and faithfully against the sins of drunkenness and gambling that are at this time raging with terrible fury in our village.

F.

REMITTANCES

Hiram A. Morse, Holliston, Mass.,	$5 00
James Nowell, Portsmouth,	3 00

Miscellany.

MORE OF THE CALIFORNIANS!

The Tribune has further advices from this curious government expedition — statements if substantiated, as they doubtless will be, that should excite public odium and detestation of the administration now in power.—

We are now told that the Californians are not to go to California—that the Expedition has fallen through, and that the regiment is to be disbanded! This we hardly believe—but the unnecessary delay in getting off certainly hides some mystery. We were informed yesterday of some things relating to the clothing sold by Col. Stevenson to his men, which, if true, place his conduct in a still more odious light. It is said that these clothes were made in Baltimore some years ago on a contract with the Haytien Government—that they were *refused* by that Government and sent back, and that now they have been bought (we may readily imagine for a very little price) and peddled out to the men at an immense profit.

But we have more disgraceful truths to unfold respecting this Expedition—always premising that our authority is a communication which we have received from 'Company G., and which we are promised shall be substantiated by the names of the men in that Company, if it is denied. First, then, it is alleged that the men were told by Col. Stevenson, in enlisting, that a certain number of acres of Land would be reserved for them in California, *which Province* (the Colonel assured them) *the Government was secretly negotiating for*, and would eventually obtain without fighting. Continues our communication: 'We were, therefore, engaged to go out more in the character of emigrants than soldiers. Further 12 months' pay ($84) was to be paid us *before we embarked*, in order to allow us the means of procuring the necessary implements we should require for agricultural purposes, &c. &c. But the developments that leaked out, in the Circuit Court, pending the examination of the *habeas corpus* cases there, soon dispelled those illusory dreams. The veil was raised, the curtain withdrawn, and the whole scheme of atrocious villainy stood out in mockery before us. No land was to be given us—no negotiations for obtaining California had been on foot; and we found ourselves entrapped into a *regiment of soldiers*—an invading force, destined for a far-distant and eminently perilous descent upon the West Coast of Mexico. But, although we now clearly saw through the monstrous imposition of which we had been the victims, yet on conferring with one another—now that we had, many of us, disposed of our means of living in New York, and knew not in what direction to turn in order to regain a livelihood—calmly resolved to bear all, and take our chance with the concern 'for better or worse, richer or poorer.' Such was the position of affairs, and the state of our minds, when, on Friday last, we received orders to embark, without, *as had been previously expressly stipulated*, first receiving our advance pay. This the most of us peremptorily refused to do—*the most of us*, I say; for there were, I blush for the honor of the Regiment to admit, *two companies*, mostly Germans, who went on board, content to be cheated out of their just dues. Stevenson charged them $12 for the miserable, mountebank, Merry Andrew garments we were forced to wear, and attempted likewise the fraud upon us; but, by this time, he has probably concluded that we are not serfs nor cowards, but men who know our rights, and will not shrink from maintaining them. Stevenson threatening us still, the other day we made known our case to Col. Bankhead, but he too turned a deaf ear to our remonstrances. Our next step was on Sunday to dispatch a respectful statement of our grievances to the President of the U. S. and solicited therein a speedy reply; but as yet we have had no official acknowledgment thereof or response thereto,—from which we are left to infer that all redress is denied us in that quarter. If *our own* country will not protect us in our acknowledged rights, California may perhaps open her arms to us. At all events, come what may, even if the park of cannon in our rear and on our flanks be opened upon us in order to force our embarkation, without our stipulated payment being given us, we are determined not to yield. We respect the laws of our country, and will rigidly observe with scrupulous precision all the rules and regulations of military discipline,—cheated into the army service though we have been—but we will endure no wrong, and will neither tolerate swindling nor endure any indignity from those whose equals all of us are.

The Californians are really and truly gone at last. Somewhere about ten o'clock on Saturday morning the ships went down the Bay, accompanied by the sloop-of-war *Preble*. The expedition comprises some seven hundred and eighty, officers and men.

The vessels were towed to sea by the steamboats Hercules, [illegible], and Jacob Bell, and passed the Narrows at half past eleven, running off before a spanking twelve-knot breeze. It was not intended to sail before Saturday evening; but on account of the proceedings, both civil and uncivil, a notice of which we have already published, the gallant Colonel thought proper to expedite his departure by a few hours—leaving, in consequence, some thirty or forty of his men behind him. The wife of one of the soldiers on board, who had come ashore to get something for her sick child, was also left—being thus cruelly seperated from her husband and baby. In fine, Stevenson, availing himself of the power conferred upon him by the Government, has actually absconded, after having violently resisted the law of his country—leaving a portion of his expedition behind him, and causing unspeakable agony to a poor mother and most probably death to her child.

A *posse* of some Three Hundred (hereafter famous as those who defended Thermopylæ) started about eleven o'clock for the purpose of assisting in serving the criminal warrant upon Capt. Turner; but on arriving at the Battery, they found the expedition had been too expeditious. A message was then sent that the ships were well out to sea, and would be out of sight of land in a few hours. Hereupon the *posse* returned in peace.

The soldiers who were left behind chartered the yacht *Pearsall*, and made all speed to overtake their fugitive commander—but whether they succeeded we have not learned. The poor woman we mentioned was last seen walking up and down the Battery, making the most frantic gestures of despair and chattering like a maniac.

Surely this is the most ill-starred expedition of conquest ever set on foot by a Christian Government, and one that will justly cover us with the ridicule and contempt of the whole world. Even Mexico herself would be ashamed of an affair so impotently ridiculous, so mean, so utterly shabby in all its length and breadth, from the tailoring of the soldiers to the diddling of the municipal authorities.

Oyez! Oyez!! Hear a genuine Commercial Priest of Mammon. The Boston Post, and the Boston Times, and some other papers have had the disposition to defend Capt. Hannum in the matter of kidnapping the fugitive slave, but it seems they have lacked the sense. To their great joy they have at last met with some "sensible remarks" on the affair, in the N. Y. *Commercial* Advertiser, which they transfer to their columns.—It takes New York Editors, after all, to do the true sacerdotal and pontifical for Mammon. They are a set of thoroughly *commercial* Christians, honoring their patron, St. Judas, on all occasions.

This Priest of the Commercial after describing the requirements of Louisiana Law, which he admits for the sake of the argument "*may* be unjust, disgraceful, unconstitutional, detestable" &c., proceeds to say:

The real question is whether any captain of a vessel shall be *forced* into a position which makes him subject to them. If Captain Hannum, or any other captain, chooses voluntarily to receive a slave on board his vessel and bear him away to freedom, that is another thing; but we must remember that in the present case the captain was the injured party; the fugitive committed a wrong upon him by coming on board his vessel without his leave, and subjecting him to the hazards of the law. If it is said that the slave had a natural right to escape from slavery, so we say the captain had a natural right to protect himself against the evils to which he was exposed by that escape; and the indignation of the meeting was unjustly bestowed on him.

Certainly, now, this *is* sensible. If a man is not humane, what right have you to force him to be so? If he has no magnanimity, no generosity, no soul, what right have you to *force* him to act as if he had? Clearly none. What right have the poor ever to enter the doors of the rich? Why do they not wait until they are asked? O, how that slave ought to repent in dust and ashes for having the presumption and iniquity to set his foot on Captain Hannum's deck, and thus expose him and his owners to such a dreadful calamity! Why, let us suppose that a certain Priest and Levite had gone down from Jerusalem to Jericho in a two-horse buggy, and had on that account arrived at the place where the man fell among thieves at so early an hour as to enable him to escape the murderous blows by jumping up into the hinder end of the buggy, quite unobserved by their reverences.—Well, we suppose they do not discover the kindness they have done him, till they get into the suburbs of Jericho. Then the Levite cries out, "This team and buggy were hired only for two persons, and you have got us into a pretty scrape with the Livery Stable keeper at Jerusalem. Out, and back with you, you scamp!" And the priest adds, "Ay, Mr. Nobody, you had no right to expose us to be waylaid and destroyed as we go back to Jerusalem. We came down on important business to receive offerings for the Temple and to circumcise a number of children in the first families of Jericho, for which we shall receive five hundred shekels of gold, every shekel of which you have exposed us to lose as we go back. If we had invited you to ride, that would have been another thing; but you have chosen to inflict upon us a grievous wrong.—We shall therefore send you back as a peace-offering to the band of thieves, from whom may the Lord deliver you in his own good time."

An indignation meeting at Jerusalem against this honored Priest and Levite, would certainly have been very absurd, and would only have tended to exasperate the thieves, and put an end to the whole business of circumcising at Jericho.—*Chronotype.*

GREAT INDIGNATION MEETING!

[Reported by Magnetic Telegraph exclusively for the Dover Enquirer.

A tremendous and overwhelming meeting called for the purpose of taking into consideration the present portentous state of our "Militia System," and the alarming scarcity of Fall Musters, was held at Bungtown Parade, on the 1st inst. Among the distinguished gentlemen present, were General Cæsar Napoleon Bonaparte Cockeduphat, Brigadier General Gunpowder, Colonel Firelock, Major Ramrod, Captain Bayonet, Lieutenant Shoulderarms, Ensign Primingwire and others. A number of other gentlemen, friends of a "well organized militia," among whom may be mentioned the Hon. Old Cogniac, Messrs Cocktail, Newrum, Blackleg & Co. were also present, much interested in, and taking part in the proceedings.

General Cockeduphat was called to the chair, and Corporal Canteen, of the 1st Company of Bungtown Invincibles, was appointed Secretary.

Gen. Cockeduphat, in taking the chair, observed that it was no ordinary occasion which had drawn so large a company of patriots and soldiers together. The times were portentous. The indignation of the friends of the Militia System had ever since its overthrow by the "allied army" last June, been gathering strength and intensity, and, like bottled beer, it was now running over. The period for those time honored pageants—our *Fall Musters*—was at hand and passing away, and from Lee to Barnstead, from Oyster river to 'Gonic and Sligo, not a note of preparation was heard. The musters had departed—the tented fields of Dover and Rochester, of Farmington and Ossipee, were among the things that had been.—He called upon all present to awake to their duty. Our liberties would be irretrievably lost unless the New Hampshire Militia was restored to its pristine glory. The dark clouds of war even now were skirting our Southern sky, and on every breeze was borne to us the din of battle! For one he had drawn his sword and thrown away his scabbard, and if he could not use it on the muster fields of his native State, he certainly should against the *inimy* on the Rio Grande. [The gallant General sat down amid tremendous applause.]

Brigadier General Gunpowder rose to respond to the remarks of his chivalrous and gallant superior. His voice (he said) was still for War. Gods! could the "bloody 2d" long debate, which of the two to choose, musters or no musters! Jack Downing's shade complains that we are slow, and Colonel Plue's ghost walks unavenged among us! With these remarks, entirely unpremiditated he said, he would take his seat.

Colonel Firelock said, it was with much difficulty that he had prevented himself from "going off at half cock," while listening to the eloquent speeches of the gallant and distinguished officers who had preceded him.—He could hardly restrain himself when such patriotism—such love of country—such devotion to that time-honored institution—the "bulwark and defence of the State"—was manifested. For himself, he was convinced that if the next Legislature did not restore to them this inestimable privilege of bearing arms and eating cold junk on the muster field, it would become his duty and every good soldier's duty to resort to the last alternative—that of marching like Bonaparte into the Council of Five Hundred, and extorting their rights at the point of the bayonet. [Great applause—during which Firelock, having fairly blowed himself out, sat down.]

Major Ramrod said he was always for going to the bottom of things; and he would drive home the charge against the "allied army" of abolishing militia musters for the pitiful purpose of—of—of—[Hear! hear! from Gunpowder and Firelock]—getting rid of them!

Captain Bayonet, of the 2d Company of Sleepy hollow string-beans, here thrust himself forward and said he entirely concurred in the remarks of Major Ramrod.

Lieut. Shoulderarms, of the Floodwoods, who is rather short in stature for a military officer, got upon the table, and taking off his chapeau said—"ditto to Captain Bayonet."

Ensign Primingwire said he didn't care a priming what the motives of the "allied army" had been in taking away their rights and privileges. For one he unfurled the banner of *repeal*, and he called upon all the choice spirits—[Hear! hear! from Cogniac and Cocktail]—he called upon all the choice spirits which he saw present to rally around it!

Corporal Canteen, [who was rather thick in his utterance,] said the last gentleman ap expressed his sentiments ex-act-ly. Our rights had been invaded. Our liberties were in danger. His feelings were too full for utterance; he could say no more.

The Hon. Mr. Cogniac was here called for, and took the stand. He was rejoiced, he said, to meet this large and respectable assemblage *face to face*—he saw as in a *glass* that the *right spirit* was abroad—and he was glad to perceive that they were determined not to swallow the insults which the base spirits—some of whom he had no doubt were now present—

[Here the speaker was stopped by Messrs. Newrum and Blackleg, who thrusting their fists into his face, demanded to know if he meant anything personal by speaking of *base spirits*: for one they would let the gentleman know that they were not to be insulted with impunity. This caused some commotion, and before the chairman could restore order there was a general fight among the "b'hoys" present.]

The meeting finally broke up, after passing a resolution to train every day in the year until the old militia musters were restored, and appointing delegates to a great Military Mass Meeting to be held at Pennicook next June, to take measures to effect that object.

When our reporter left the ground the whole assembly had adjourned to the Bangtown Hotel to liquor up.

The Valor of Dough. The following is among the resolutions passed by the cotton whigs:

Resolved, That the whigs of Massachusetts regard slavery as a great moral, political, and social evil, and they therefore pledge themselves to present as firm a front of opposition to the institution of slavery, as is consistent with our allegiance to the constitution, and our duties as members of the confederacy.

The last clause of this resolution is couched in cant phraseology which is not intelligible to the uninitiated. To be so, it should read —"as is consistent with the soft materials of which they are composed."—*Chronotype.*

Sickness among the Volunteers.—The New-Orleans Delta learns by the late arrivals from the Rio Grande that there were near 600 sick volunteers in the hospitals at Camargo, and they were dying very fast. So many were sick that it required near a whole regiment to attend to them. Those whom the Tennesseeans left behind seemed to be particularly unfortunate, for they had to call on the Alabamians to attend the living and bury the dead. As fast as these men get able to leave the hospital they are discharged and sent home. In fact, Gen. T. shows a disposition to discharge all volunteers who are discontented and wish to return to their homes.—Though the number of patients in the hospital at Matamoros is larger than at Camargo, the mortality is greater at the latter place—near 3 to 1. Those who are unaccustomed to a southern climate when once prostrated by the fever seldom regain their former strength on the Rio Grande: without a change of atmosphere they die off quickly, else become so enfeebled that they are unable to help themselves. If one half of the northern and western volunteers who went to the Rio Grande are effective men on the 15th October, it is more than he looks for.

Advertisements.

Water-Cure Establishment,

NEW-LEBANON SPRINGS, N. Y.

IN this place, so long celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, purity of the air, and utility of the water, is now instituted a WATER-CURE INFIRMARY; which, from the above considerations, promises to be of the greatest importance to the afflicted and to persons wishing to spend a season in the country for the purpose of recruiting the energies of the system, after a time of illness or hard labor. The beauty of the scenery and salubrity of the air, is not often excelled in any country. The water is abundant and of all temperatures, from ice cold to 72 deg. Fahrenheit Ther. The mountain springs have been tested by the celebrated Chemists, Dr. Chilton of New York, and Prof. Avery of Hamilton College, and pronounced perfectly pure and soft. The various Baths, as Plunge, Shower, Douche, Hose, Fountain, Eye and Ear, Cold or Warm, are so constructed, as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access by invalids at all times. The rooms are so warmed as to render them perfectly comfortable even in the coldest weather. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic diseases, have much to induce them to visit this establishment. The water treatment has been particularly successful in the complaints following:—Rheumatism, either acute or chronic, Gout, incipient stages of Consumption, Dispepsia or Indigestion, with its train of symptoms, as Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, &c. It removes Nervous Affections, and the various forms of Fever as Typhus, Bilious, and Intermitting. It acts like a charm in all eruptive diseases, as Small Pox, Measles, Scarlet Fever, &c. All scrofulous Complaints, and diseases arising from impurities of the blood, Tumors, Ulcers, Fever Sores and Boils, are more successfully treated by water than by any system of Medicine.

The diet and regimen of the patients are strictly attended to, which alone, in most cases of chronic disease, is far better for the patient than any system of drug medication. Suitable medical examination and advice constantly in attendance at the establishment, who will give strict attention to the patients and point out all necessry changes to facilitate the cure.

Those who feel competent to treat their own cases at home and want an examination and prescription, can have it at a reasonable expense.

The inhabitants of this vicinity are particularly notified that they can have medical advice and attention at their own houses, in all acute or chronic diseases, where it is not practical to come to the establishment.

One important item to the afflicted is, that the water-cure patients are never left to groan out a miserable life from the ill effects of mineral or vegetable poisons.

The expense, per week, is from five to eight dollars, including board, medical advice and attendance.

N. B. The patients are expected to bring two linen or cotton sheets, three woollen blankets, two comfortables and towels.

DAVID CAMPBELL, Principal.
N. BEDORTHA, M. D. Resident Physician.
DR. S. GRAHAM, Consulting Physician.
January 20th, 1846.

Are you Insured? While you are in Health is the Time!

TOTAL ABSTINENCE LIFE INSURANCE. When a number of persons mutually insure their lives, a part of whom are total abstainers from intoxicating drinks, and a part are not, and some of the latter, according to the usual course of things, shorten their lives by intemperance, it is plain that the teetotallers in the company are losers. The New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, an Institution based and conducted on the soundest principles of New England forethought and economy, has made a liberal arrangement which it is hoped will remedy this defect. The arrangement is this: There will be inserted in the policies of those who wish to avail themselves of this improved method of life insurance, either for a definite term or for life, the following clauses, viz:

'On condition that the said ——— shall at any time use intoxicating liquor as a beverage, this policy shall be void.'

'——— upon the understanding and agreement that whenever a majority of the persons insured by this company, upon the above condition of abstaining from the first of September, 1845, express to the directors of this company, their election to withdraw as a new distinct company, such new company being ready to take all persons insured by this company upon such condition for the remaining term of their respective policies, at the same rate of premium, this policy shall, if said ——— or this company so elects, before or at the time for the payment of the then next premium, be surrendered and cancelled, and the excess of premium which shall have been paid on the policy over what would have been paid on a policy for the period during which this policy shall have existed shall be paid over to the new company.'

Thus the company will allow the teetotal insurers, whenever they judge themselves sufficiently numerous, to withdraw their fair shares of the Funds arising from the premiums, for the purpose of forming a distinct company for themselves. What more can temperance men ask? They will thus have the means of forming their own company, with the least possible expense, under the wing of an Institution already well established, with an ample guarantee capital. This they will do, unless in the progress of the thing, it should be mutually agreed on to go on together, the pledged and unpledged forming distinct classes, each paying its own losses and sharing its own surplus.

The undersigned will negotiate policies for the New England company, on this plan. Insurance will be effected under the same precautions in regard to soundness of health, and at the same rates as for others. As on the mutual plan, the surplus receipts are from time to time, divided among the insured, the pledged insurers will ultimately enjoy a reduction of rates precisely in proportion to the general value of total abstinence as a preserver of life.

Those wishing to insure, or requiring further information, will please apply at the office of the undersigned, either personally or by letter, post-paid, and addressed to

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THE

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ELIHU BURRITT, Editor.

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Specimen Numbers of the Citizen will be forwarded for examination, gratuitously, if ordered post-paid.

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Worcester, Mass., June, 1846.

The Weekly Chronotype

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ELIZUR WRIGHT.

This paper is not bound to the creed or cause of any clique, association, party, sect or set of men, but expresses freely the opinions of its editor at the time, and of such contributors as may honor it with their thoughts, or be supposed by the editor to do so. It will be his endeavor to give such a variety and quantity of matter as to meet the wants of every enlightened family, and especially of those which seek more light. He will not only give the daguerrotype likenesses of Time as he passes, but will examine every new thing that he meets, and some things that are old, without fear or favor. Where he cannot convince he will try to be good natured. Where he cannot satisfy himself of the truth, he will be contented to confess his ignorance. In short he will endeavor to help forward, in a neighborly way, every thing but Humbug. That he will endeavor to knock down and drag out, even if it should cling to the throne of political power or the horns of the sacred altar.

He will not take an oath never to be wiser. He will not scorn truth, though it may come from an enemy. He will not flatter the poor because he is one of them. He will not hate and abuse the rich because he is not one of them. But he will endeavor to establish a better understanding between the extremes of society—showing both ends that happiness is most likely to be found between them—consisting in a great measure in a mutual endeavor to abolish idleness, disease, poverty and roguery.

With these general purposes, it is the prime object of the editor of this paper to get an honest living.

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AT the suggestion of many persons who highly appreciate the Arguments contained in Mr. Spooner's work on the Unconstitutionality of Slavery, the Publisher has been induced to Stereotype it, and bring it out for one half the price of the first Edition.

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Aug. 22, 1846.

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Address L. S. BALLOU, 15 Spencer st., N. Y., or G. W. CLARK, Victor, N. Y., POST PAID.

July 29, 1846.

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Weare, 9th mo. 22, 1846.

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